

Ῥαδίον μὲν γὰρ πάλιν σῆσαι καὶ φαυλοτέροις, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ χεῖρας αὐτῶν ἵσταται, δυσπαλῆς;

In English,

To undo a City is an easie matter even for the Wicked; But to set it right again is difficult.

Upon that worthily admired

# PATRIOT, AND Honour of his Country THE OBSERVATOR

*Secula Phœnices nulla tulere duos.*

**W**Ere Brains now cheer'd with such *Cælestial Fire*,  
As the renowned *Homer's* did inspire.  
*England* might *Iliads*, and *Odysseas* bear,  
And *Roger* should *Ulysses Ensigns* wear.  
*Divine Achilles* would, and but that one,  
Stand here betwixt *L'Estrange* and *Charles le bon*.  
*Peers* won't this grudge, their *Virtues* in each *Scheme*,  
Are *adequate*, they differ but in name.  
The *Greeks* with *Honors* did *Ulysses* Crown,  
(*Brave grateful Greeks*) and what shall ours have none?  
*Athens* should *Orators* and *Captains* yield,  
(In confidence of whom they so oft rebell'd:)  
To his will, *Earth's Monarch* said, so they compell'd,  
*Warriors*, by no means *Orators* expell'd.  
They'd yield their *lives* as soon, this speaks how dear,  
With *Wise men* wile, and *Loyal States men* were:  
And well they might, for in these *Watchmen* dwell,  
*Lives Liberties*, and all, that's *Paralel*.  
*Philipp* would likewise from them raise his *Scige*,  
So they ten *Hostages* would grant his *Liege*.  
Then said *Demosthenes*; the *Wolves* would *League*,  
With *Shepherds*; so their *Mastiffs* they'd *reneague*,  
The cause of all the strife: this brings to mind,  
*Treignes* of late, of the same *wolfish kind*.

ΔΙΟΣ  
Y  
'AXIA-  
ΛΕΥΣ,

Here (viz.)  
in the mat-  
ter of *Odyse*  
*feats*.

*Ulysses* and  
*L'Estrange*,

Quam rem  
ita gravi-  
ter tulit *A-*  
*lexander*, ut  
secundâ le-  
gatione de-  
nuo bellum  
deprecanti-  
bus ita de-  
mum re-  
miserit, ut  
*Oratores*, et  
duces, quo-  
rum fidu-  
ciâ toties  
rebellent,  
sibi dedan-  
tur; eo ta-  
men de-  
mum res  
est deducta  
ut retentis  
*Oratoribus*,  
duces in ex-  
ilium age-  
rentur.

*Curt. lib. 2<sup>d</sup>*  
*fol. 17.*

*Philippus*,  
*Macedo* Pa-  
ter *Alexan-*  
*dri magni*.

*Viz. 10.*  
*Orators*.

A

Strange,

Alter

Hippias no-  
mine cum  
imper um  
paternum  
teneret in-  
terfecto-  
rem fratris  
compre-  
hendi jubet  
qui cum  
per tormen-  
ta confcios  
cædis no-  
minare co-  
geretur  
omnes ami-  
cos tyranni  
nominavit  
quibus in-  
terfectis  
quarenti  
tyranno an-  
adhuc reli-  
qui confici  
essent?  
homo ait  
superest  
quem am-  
plius morti  
gestiam  
quam ip-  
sum tyran-  
num. Justi-  
ni, lib. 2.

Despise

viz. to rob  
God of his  
Honour.

In English,  
Glory from a Multitude is better than much Wealth.

ISOCRATES.

*Strange, Strange, Demands:* Smell'd they of want of  
*Most*, or of the *Phanatique Impudence?* (sense

Or did the *wolves* that do infest our Land,  
Think they a *Dick*, or Hippias had in hand?  
No, no, our Sovereign *Shepherd* was too wise,

By *Nature*, *Art*, and the late *Exercise*;  
To give those *honest men* who would repay,

As they his Father did but other day  
That is not yet forgot, nor will it be,

Till *Time* be swallow'd in *Eternity*.

*His Mastiffs* give 'em, who would him devour,

(Nay God himself for money they'd *despise*;

Not only take the *fruits* but kill the *heirs*,

That the *Vine-Yard* might be for ever theirs.

This as the *Shepherds Mastiff* stout doth keep,

Those *Wolves*, the *Whigs* from worrying of the *Sheep*

He merits from the *Crown*; all honest men.

He'll bring Fanaticks to their wits agen;

Unless they are damn'd by *Crimes* so insolent,

That they with the *Sphinx Titus* can't repent.

Those *Saints* that *Muffy* for their saviour cry'd,

And now the saviour will be *Crucifi'd*.

Never did Villain yet deserve it more,

Then may our *Turks* their *Mahomet* adore.

Could mere man bear that *Badge* without a sin,

This *Patriot* for it, fairly hath put in.

For when the saviour design'd nothing more,

Than a *Sea of Blood*, his *Antidotes* restore.

*Good David* with his lyre charm'd raving *Saul*,

So this *Isocrates*, this learned *Paul*,

By *Whigs* blown frantick with his lovely strain,

Converts this *Land* to *sober sense* again.

A *Land* which doth with *Milk and Hony* flow,

Here's *Dame and Daughter*; *Peace*, and *Plenty* too.

A *Canaan* with all earthly *Comforts* blest.

Blest yet, in that 'tis *Blessed Abraham's* rest.

L'Estrange

We



In English,

The Wise Man shall be called the Delight of the Citizens

PHOCTLIDES

We have good *David*, and wise *Solomon*,  
 (Wonders of *Mercy* they to *Whigs* have shown)  
 Restor'd, preserv'd by such miraculous hand,  
 As transfer'd *Israel* to the holy land.  
 Here we have *Moses*, and the Gospel read,  
 Yea, mighty apparitions from the dead.  
 Yet *Corah's* Gang rebels: *saducean* seed,  
 Ingrateful, Bloody, *Antichristian* breed.  
 A Land which doth the *Phœnix* now possess;  
 Too happy, if it knew its happiness.  
 Let it, as *Athens*, for him statues raise,  
 Adorn his brow with everlasting Bays.  
 And men on earth do service at his Tomb,  
 When God this *Victor* doth in heaven Crown.  
 Divines conclude all humane Eloquence,  
 Beneath the God-like *Abraham's* excellence.  
 No Orators compleatly could express,  
 The holy Patriarchs heavenly-mindedness.  
 Nor can I this: 'tis true I have too will,  
 How to perform I find not in my skill.  
 To soar so high is not of my poor wing,  
 If it were dipt in the *Castalian Spring*.  
 Then would I volumes write, I tell thee *Trim*,  
 Protest they should be all in praise of him.  
 Come *Curtis*, *Care*, and all the canting Crew,  
 You cannot face this *sun*, such *Apes* as you.  
 Grand *Sophies* ever had some *Currs* to whine  
 At them: but Hereticks make *Hero's* shine.  
 Shine lofty soul, thy wit, worth, works aspire,  
 'Bove hate, yea praise: Theam for us to admire.  
 Which will, while time lasts, eternize thy name,  
 Open the Ears of Men, the Gates of Fame.  
 Hold then my *Muse*, none can this subject hit,  
 Unless *L'Estrange* himself, or *Angels* writ.

Ny Cred y  
 mol nes  
 gwelo y  
 mennyth.  
 Proverb.

Latina,

Ne suade  
 la quidem  
 persuaserit  
 dum sero  
 fit.

The Athe  
 nians e  
 rected Sta  
 tues in ho  
 nour of S  
 crates. La  
 ertius.

Service to  
 God at the  
 Tombes  
 of, &c.  
 Jewish.

The Philo  
 sophers, had  
 their De  
 tractours.  
 Plutarch.

Mota manus Procerum est, et quid Facundia posset,  
 Tum patuit: Fortisque viri tulit arma Disertus.

Note,

*Isocrates ad  
nicoclem  
oratio se-  
cunda pa-  
gina.*

Οὐδ' ἴων πάντας ἀνδάνει, ἐδ' ἀνέχων.  
Zelus

In English,

Not Jove himself can all men please,  
Whether he doth Rain, or he doth cease.

Theognis.

81.

87.

93.

109.

Καὶ τῶν τε παρόντων τοῖς φρονιμωτάτοις πλησίαζε, καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ὅς ἀνδρὶν μεταμέμωτο. Καὶ μετὰ  
τῶν σοφιστῶν τῶν εὐδαιμονούντων μηδένος οὐκ εἶναι ἀπείρους εἶχεν. Διδόν παρρησίαν τοῖς εὐφρονοῦσιν, τὴν δὲ  
νῦν ἐχούσας, καὶ δυναμίδος ὅσον πλέον τῇ ἄλλων ὡς πολλὰ δειράπευε γινώσκων ὅτι συμβουλῇ  
ἀγαθῆς χρησιμωτάτον, καὶ τυραννικωτάτον ἀπάντων ἐκλήμενον ἔστιν. Ἡγὼ δὲ τότε σοὶ μεγίστην  
ποιήσας τὴν βασιλείαν, οἷοντες ἂν τῇ ἀγαθότητι τὴν πλεονεξίαν ὡφελῶσι δυνάσασιν. Τίμα δὲ μὴ ἀρ-  
χαῖς τῶν πρῶτον τῶν οἰκειοτάτους τῶν ἀλλοθιστάτους τῶν δυνεστάτους. Φυλακὴν ἀσφαλεστάτην ἡγ-  
εῖσθαι τὴν τῶν φίλων ἀρετὴν, καὶ τὴν πολιτῶν εὐνοίαν, καὶ τὴν σαυτοῦ φρόνησιν. Ἀφ-  
εῖν τῶν τῶν, καὶ ἀλλὰ, καὶ ἀφασίαν τὰς τυραννίδας μέγιστον ἂν τις δύνατο.

The Translation.

**A**pply your self to the most prudent of them who are about you; and fend for  
what others you can, and think it not convenient to be a stranger to well-  
approved *Orators*: give to the wise the Liberty of declaring their minds freely;  
and have the discreet, and such as can see further than others, in great esteem, and  
veneration; knowing this, that a good Counsellor, is the most profitable and King-  
ly Possession. Judge those to be likeliest to make your Kingdom who can best fur-  
nish your understanding: Honour your Friends with the Principal, and the most  
Benevolent with the truest of your Honors.

Deem the safest Guard of your person to be the Virtue of your Friends, and  
your own prudence, for these are the things by which Dominion is both gain'd,  
and maintained.

This is some of the advice of *Isocrates*, a most excellent and learned *Orator*,  
who was accounted the wisest Man on Earth; and indeed who rightly consider  
his writings (than which nothing can be more curious) will easily imagine it to be  
true. So that as *Alexander the Great*, often pronounced the *Greek Heroes* happy,  
for that they had *Homer* to immortalise their *Fame*, by streining the *Quintessence*,  
and *Heroicness* of *Wisdom*, and *Fortitude* to so sublime a pitch; (which) besides  
that he was so Eminently learned himself, having been so long the scholar of *Ari-  
stotle*, and so great a Proficient, that it became a question, whether *Alexander the  
Great* ow'd more to his *Father Philipp*, or to his *Schoolmaster Aristotle*) I fancy a  
Topic of that singular Veneration he had for all learned men, testified by munifi-  
cent Bounty, and a warm sympathizing tenderness, above (I think) any other *Exam-  
ples History* affords.) So may we esteem *Nicocles* happy, who had *Isocrates* (the  
wisest man in the World) to be his *Orator*, And so may we Congratulate the hap-  
piness of our most Gracious Monarch, and his Kingdoms in that incomparable *Orator  
Roger L'Estrange*; who for *Loyalty*, *Wisdom*, and *Eloquence* comes, but in time,  
behind any of the Ancient *Philosophers*; nay we may conclude all *Princes* and *Po-  
tentates* happy, who are accommodated with such faithful worthy *Orators*; and  
do give such *Honor*; and *Deference* unto them as *Alexander* did, by which means  
indeed, he might well become great.

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